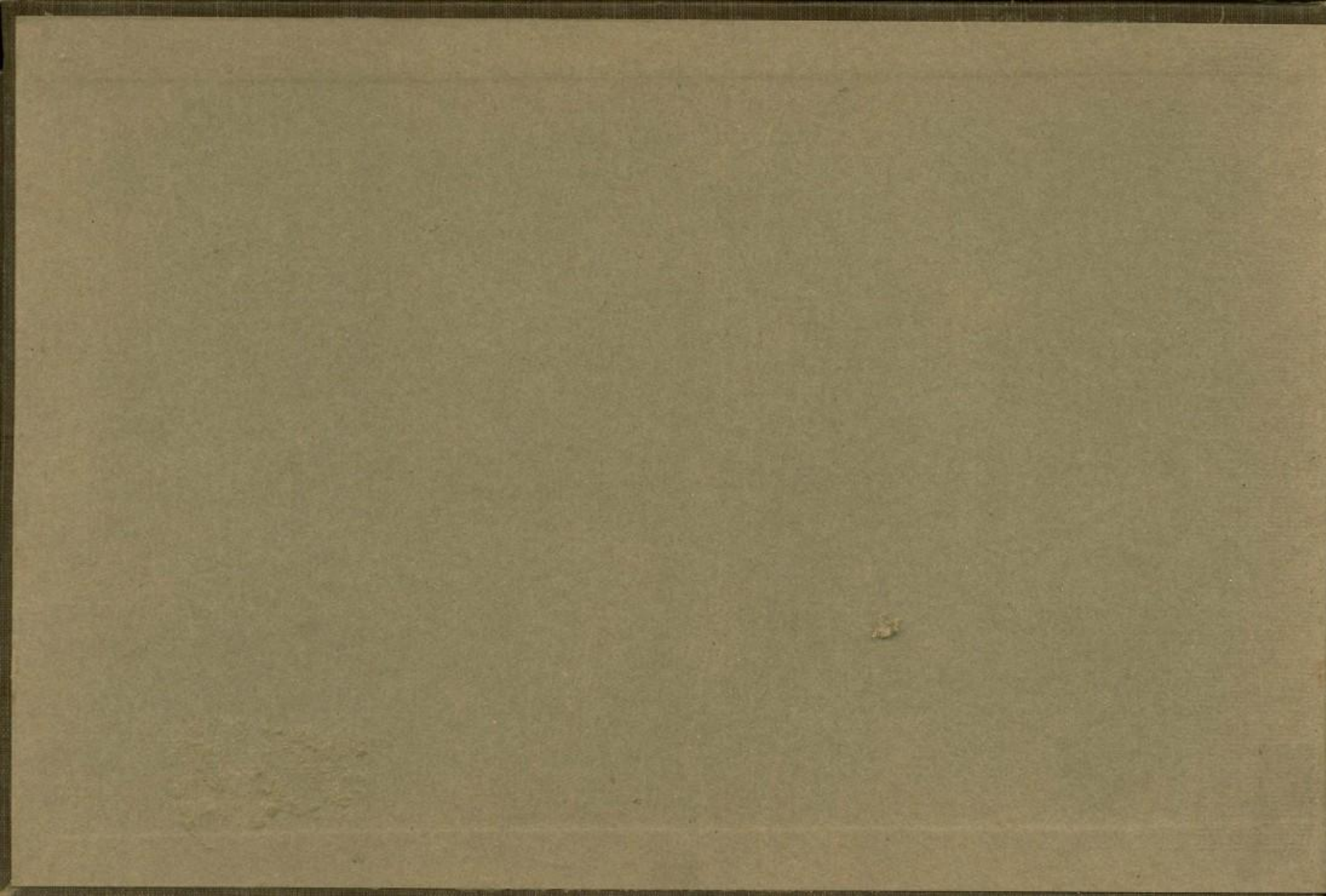


L. H. S.

'05



Lakewood High School
Annual

CLASS OF '05



"I stand here in my place
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face!"

TO OUR READERS.

Presented by the editors with a sincere hope that it may always prove worthy of the class, and may always recall to their minds the happy days spent at the "dear old school."

FACULTY.

J. M. H. FREDERICK

H. W. KENNEDY

BERTHA M. DILLOW

ANNA PANCOAST

IDA J. PRALL

C. J. WEEKS

HARRIET A. WHITESIDE

DEDICATION.

IN appreciation of their service and unswerving fidelity to the school, we, the editors of the nineteen hundred and five Annual, respectfully dedicate this volume to

THE FACULTY.



ANNUAL BOARD.

Annual Board.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....LEWIS H. REESE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.....{HARRIET E. BARROW
 {SAM W. ALLEN

BUSINESS MANAGER.....WALTER J. BRANDT



LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL.

Board of Education.

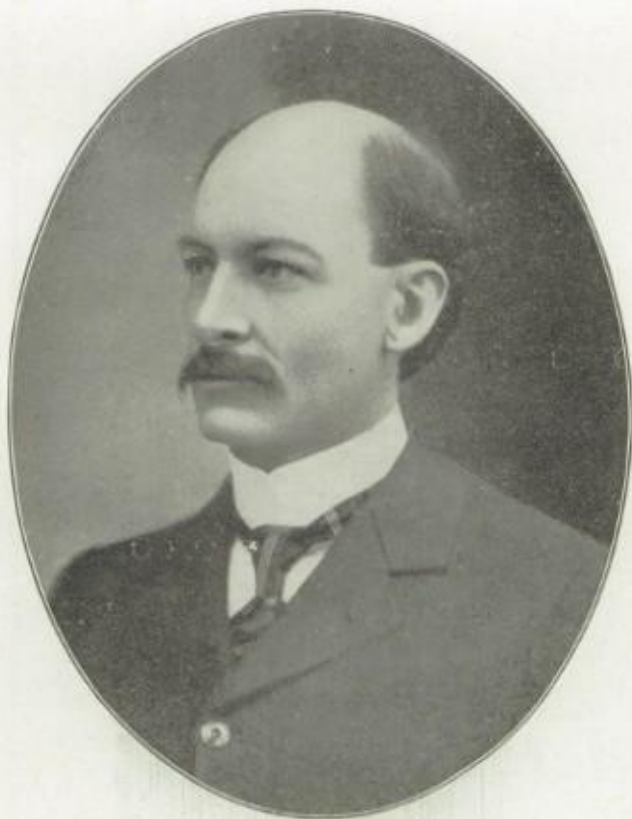
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Western Reserve University.



MR. WEEKS, PH. B.
Baldwin University.



MISS PRALL, PH. B.
Western Reserve University.



MISS PANCOAST,
Lake Erie College.
Michigan State University.



MISS WHITESIDE, PH. B.
Western Reserve University.

Senior Class.

Officers.

PRESIDENT.....	SAM. W. ALLEN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	WALTER J. BRANDT
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TREASURER.....	IRENE SWEENEY
HISTORIAN.....	BESSIE KENNEDY
ORATOR.....	LEWIS H. REESE
ARTIST.....	WALTER BRANDT



CLASS PIN.

"Non Solum Nobis"

Class Roll.

LATIN-GERMAN COURSE.

Hattie Barrow

Nessie Robson

Nora Rennecker

Bessie Kennedy

Florence Eilemann

Margaret Hogan

Irene Sweeney

Sam Allen

Clifford Webb

Lewis Reese

ENGLISH COURSE.

Walter Brandt

Herman Doll



HARRIET BARROW.

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair."



SAM ALLEN.

"I have too deeply read mankind to be
amused by folly."



IRENE SWEENEY.

"Energy and persistence conquer all
things."



BESSIE KENNEDY.

"Her eyes are bright, her face is fair,
She is gifted with the jet black hair."



WALTER BRANDT.

"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood."



NORA RENNECKER.

"One of the quiet kind whose nature
never varies."



NESSIE ROBSON.

"Few things are impossible for diligence
and skill."



LEWIS REESE.

"His heart was mirthful to excess,
With too much quickness ever to be
taught,
With too much thinking to have com-
mon thought."



MARGARET HOGAN.

"Courteous tho' coy, gentle tho' retired."



HERMAN DOLL.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"



FLORENCE EILEMANN.

"There is a little of the melancholy in
her."



CLIFFORD WEBB.

"Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for
power."

Program.

INVOCATION, . . . Rev. S. H. Bartlett

MUSIC—"The Charge," . . . M. Welling, arr. by Rich
High School Glee Club

ORATION—"The Lamps of Experience, . . . Sam W. Allen

ESSAY—The Power of Concentration, . . . Hattie E. Barrow

ESSAY—"The Grey Goose-Quill," . . . Florence C. Eilemann

MUSIC—Selected, Ionic Quartet

ORATION—Patriotism, Walter J. Brandt

ESSAY—"The Turn in the Road," . . . Margaret T. Hogan

ESSAY—A Horseshoe Nail, Bessie S. Kennedy

MUSIC—Selected, Ionic Quartet

ORATION—Habit, Herman W. Doll

ESSAY—The Sunny Side, Nora B. Rennecker

ESSAY—The Golden Apples of Hesperides,
Nessie H. Robson

SOLO—Selected, Prof. C. J. Marshall

Program—Continued.

ORATION—Employer and Employee,	Lewis H. Reese	MUSIC—Selected,	Ionic Quartet
ESSAY—Unsung Heroes,	Irene A. Sweeney	Presentation of Class by Superintendent J. M. H. Frederick	
ORATION—American Inventions,	Clifford A. Webb	Presentation of Diplomas by Dr. J. F. Hobson, President of Lakewood Board of Education	



History of Class of '05.

WHEN this class entered the high school, 1905 looked very far away, but now, on looking back it seems a very short time since the class came into the high school and was called the Freshman class.

This Freshman class went quietly on, because Freshmen never dare show any sign of authority. The only thing that worried them was the everlasting "*Walk up stairs,*" and, "*You may report for whispering in the hall.*"

In the second year the class organized and after that they became participants in every class rush and in all class feuds, so that they won the title of "*Fighting Sophs.*"

In the Junior year the most noted event was the class rush on Tree Day. Every Junior was out in full fighting armor and they succeeded in raising the brown and white on high.

Another pleasant day was spent in going for ferns for the 1904 commencement. The Juniors went in a big butcher's wagon, but not "as lambs led to the slaugh-

ter"—Oh, no! there was plenty of fun. The way in which the girls drove was enough to put any jockey to shame. They all came near being arrested for unlawful fishing, and if they had!—what would the Seniors of '04 have done? After they had dug a few dozen ferns, the owner was seen approaching. It didn't take three minutes to hide those ferns, and the innocent owner came up and said that they might have *one* dozen ferns. Did they take them? Well, what would you have done?

That night when the Seniors sat upon a "platform banked with ferns"—as a society reporter would say—no one ever suspected how hard it was to get the ferns, and the extra dozen helped to finish up nicely.

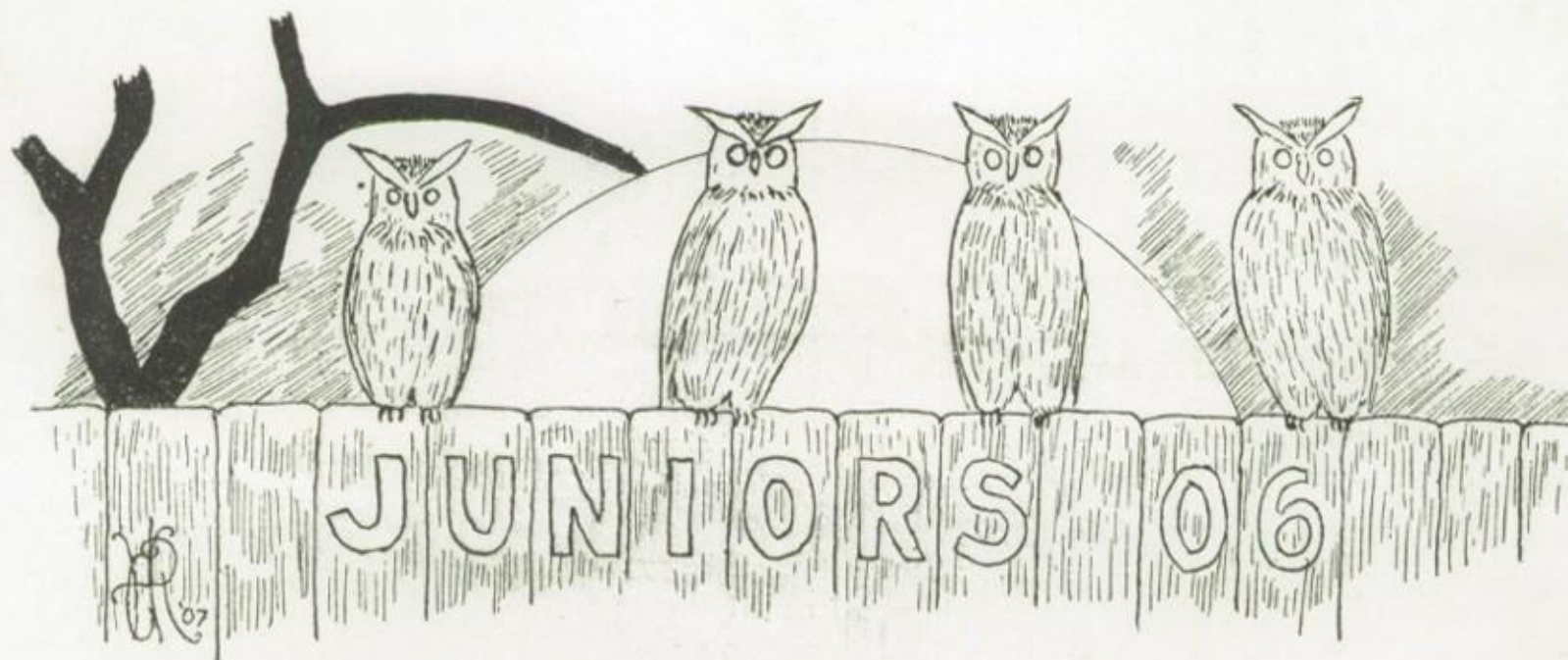
Well, now the class is ready to leave, and I suppose the class of 1906 will say "good riddance to bad rubbish," but let them. The class has passed through four years of school, through trials, joys and sorrows, and all the rest, and now they are ready to leave. There—so long! Lakewood High School.



The Senior Farewell.

Thou, school house, farewell!
Thou, dear old brick building,
The school year is fleeting,
The Seniors must leave!
We are going to leave thee, to leave thee forever,
The good times in thee we will always remember,
And when we have met with the old world's cold
ways,
Then we will look back on our happy school days.
Thou, school house, farewell!
Thou dear old brick building,
The school year is fleeting,
The Seniors must leave!

B. K., '05.



Class Officers.

<i>President</i>	Lucy Stuart	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Earle Hobson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mary Frederick	<i>Poet</i>	Charlotte Smith
<i>Secretary</i>	Irene Blumenstock	<i>Orator</i>	Narene Elliott
<i>Treasurer</i>	Annie Gabriel	<i>Artist</i>	Otis King
<i>Photographer</i>	Irene Blumenstock		

Class Roll.

Clifford A. Beckley

Irene J. Blumenstock

Louis D. Edwards

Narene W. Elliott

Annie L. Gabriel

Arthur F. English

Louis Hausheer

Mary C. Frederick

Earl Hobson

Hattie Brown

Elsie Hutchins

Raymond West

Lucille Phelps

Ray Wilson

Charlotte Smith

Otis King

Lucy Stuart

History of the Class of '06.

WHEN you read that, you will say an impossibility; an impossible impossibility, but just let me tell you that no one of you realizes that more fully than I. So I will not attempt it.

When anyone mentions the class of '06, everyone clasps his hands, draws in a deep breath and emits it in a prolonged Ah,—just as they would if the sun, moon and stars were to drop suddenly at their feet. For in truth the class of '06 is a meteor of uncommon brilliance, shooting into view and very probably shooting as suddenly out of view, for the eyes of the world are and will be unable to endure their brightness.

What stunt is there which they have not attempted and also accomplished, from twice attempting to blow up and set fire to the school building, down to reading German, in which we certainly do excel?

And the teachers, they all love us so! Even our Superintendent eats the sourest brand of cucumber pickles

on our account. And Mr. Kennedy—O! how the love light does shine from his eyes when he gets one of us hung up on a proposition.

Everyone has a righteous respect for the class. When we had our class party the refreshments were to be swiped, and by a sudden inrush of Seniors the party was to be broken up, but the ice cream sedately stayed till the class ate it, and the Seniors did not show up.

Although we started in high school with nearly thirty-five members, there are now, after three years of hard toil and labor, only about twenty-five left. Ours is the only class that has succeeded in having, while still Sophomores, one of its members elected president of the Athenian Literary Society, although every other class has attempted the same thing.

Last, but not least, we shall be the first class to spend the whole of the Senior year in the dandy new building.

L. S., '06.

There's a lively class in Lakewood High
Whose fame you ne'er can bury,
Their colors are the blue of the sky
And the crimson bloom of the cherry.

SOPHOMORE CLASS. '07.



Officers.

<i>President</i>	Earl English
<i>Vice-President</i>	Grace Allen
<i>Secretary</i>	Charlotte Holden
<i>Treasurer</i>	Edgar Doll
<i>Poet</i>	Elfie Bittchofsky
<i>Artist</i>	Charles Ross
<i>Historian</i>	Muriel Dickson
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Raymond Horwedel

Class Roll.

Earl English

Grace Allen

Charlotte Holden

Edgar Doll

Addis Hallock

Elfie Bittchofsky

Mary Steely

Charles Ross

Lulu Preslan

Muriel Dickson

Edith Townsend

Raymond Horwedel

Arthur Smith

Harriet Fishell

John Hutchinson

Mabel Burk

Ivy Hogan

Gertrude Bishop

Ruth Edgcomb

Phila Hinman

History of '07.

THE history of '07 is brief, though not lacking in *intellect* and merit. As we seemed a promising addition to the high school, the other classes evinced a great desire for the first few days to see what the newcomers were like, but the Freshies were not in a hurry to make the acquaintance of every Tom, Dick and Harry. The other classes have been very friendly toward us, particularly at election times.

The class has also been very popular with the teachers, because of the studiousness of its members, as might have been seen upon first entering the old building when Miss Pancoast greeted each Freshman with one of her sweetest smiles. But since we have become Sophomores and are in the new building we are more often met by other members of the faculty.

The '07 girls did not organize a basket-ball team, as

they thought that if they did their lessons might be to some degree neglected, which could not for a moment be thought of. The boys, however, have attained great honors on the football and baseball fields. The games afford much interest and are well attended by all classes, but the "stand bys" of '07 always carry the majority.

The class of '07 was enrolled with twenty-five members; on entering the Sophomore year it decreased four, but did not decrease in intellect. We still have open before us every chance for a successful career, not only throughout our school life but in after life.

We trust we are all on the road to success, and that when the class of nineteen hundred and seven close their school days, they will leave a record behind that has not been equaled by any previous class.

We as busy as the bee,
Entered high in nineteen three,
Always ready for our task,
Winning honors for our class.

Though we number twenty-one,
We can have our share of fun,
Looking forth to honors given
When we end in nineteen seven.

M. D.



?

Class Roll.

George Bendall

Maurice Byar

Edwin Cook

William Fishell

Sheldon Hird

Richard Kendrick

James Paisley

Howard Preslan

Werner Smith

Hattie Arnold

Ruth Cassel

Violet Cheney

Jennie Clevering

Zouri Colahan

Martha Dennis

Bly Franks

Helen Hobson

Orressa Hutchins

Florence Mullaly

Mabelle Preslan

May Reed

Amabel Schupp

Ruth Stranahan

Celia Timerman

Emily Wiechardt

Ruth Wight

Alice Swift

Arthur Allen

Will Brenner

Leslie Clarke

Gordon Dixon

Clifton Hall

Charles Holden

Robert Mullaly

Chester Newcomb

Harry Terrell

Matilda Benes

Carrie Fuchs

Florence Gabriel

Frances Goetzfried

Mabel Longacre

Ellen Lowrie

Florence Martin

Marjorie Maxwell

Hattie Mintz

Mabel Mullaly

Josephine Saxer

Gladys Terrell

Hazel Weigard

Mabel Williams

Irene Thompson

History of '08.

THE class which assembled Monday, September 12, 1904, was the largest that Lakewood High School has ever known, being an increase of fifty per cent. over the class of the previous year, and comprising one-half of the entire high school. It had never before been found necessary to divide a class into two divisions, but such was now the case.

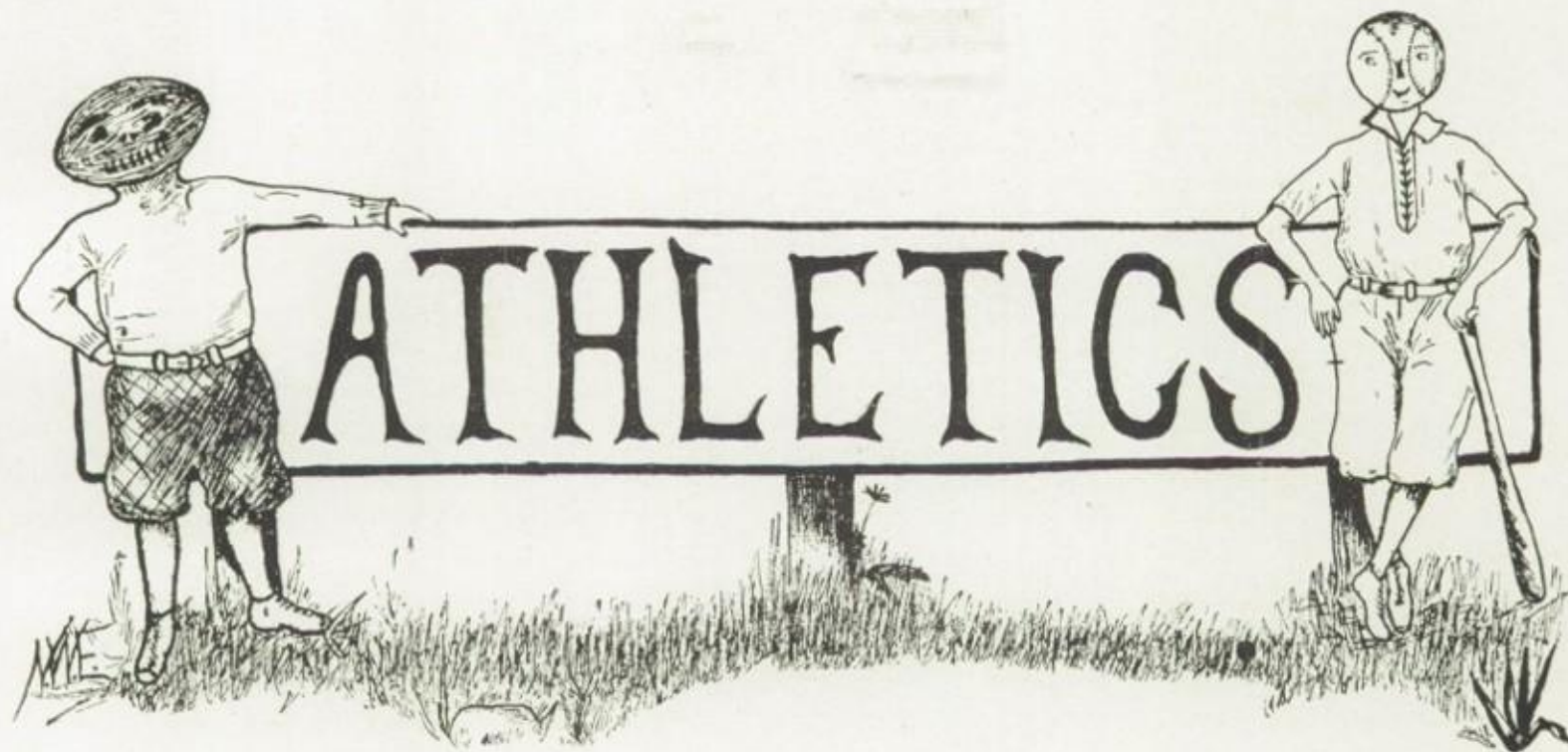
Owing to the size of this class, the old building was found quite inadequate, nearly all of the higher classmen being forced to "double up" in the assembly room. For a few months the daily sight of the new building developing rapidly under the hands of many workmen so buoyed up their spirits that all inconveniences were borne without a murmur. Instead of moving in on November first, as had been intended, this grand fête did not take place until the end of the Easter vacation.

When the time drew near for rhetorical, it was decided that on account of the exceptionally large class

the Freshmen should have a society by themselves. In accordance with this plan a committee was elected by the class to frame a constitution, which was done in due form with the aid of Mr. Kennedy. At the first meeting, which was long and stormy, the constitution was adopted as it stood, together with the name "Lesbian Literary Society." Up to the last minute it was confidently hoped that one meeting at least might be held in the new auditorium, but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a'glee." However, these meetings were a source of much pleasure and benefit and were always well attended and applauded.

When, on April 4, the high school met at the new building, the Freshmen had the triple honor of being the largest Lakewood High class ever known, the first Freshman class in the new building, and of requiring two rooms in this building to accommodate its fifty-eight members.

W. S. and G. D., '08.



PRIZE DRAWING

Lakewood Football Team.

Lakewood had a football team,
The players were small and light and lean;
They only practiced once a week,
And yet for games they thought to seek.

But when Old Glenville they tried to kill,
Glenville put them thro' the mill;
Central Institute did the same,—
And up went football, team and name.

No heart had they to practice more,
For they were mad and lame and sore,
So they threw up the sponge and the field they quit,
'Til baseball time, then took the mitt.

A. H., '07

Football Schedule.

Lakewood at Glenville.....	Oct. 22
Shaw at Lakewood.....	Oct. 29
Lorain at Lakewood.....	Nov. 5
Glenville at Lakewood.....	Nov. 12
Central Institute at Lakewood.....	Nov. 19

Baseball Schedule.

Glenville at Lakewood.....	April 28
Euclid at Lakewood.....	May 6
Lakewood at Shaw.....	May 10
Lakewood at Lorain.....	May 13
Lakewood at Euclid.....	May 20

Dramatics

Cast of Senior Play.

Sir Charles Marlowe (English Gentleman) . . . Sam Allen
 Young Marlowe (suitor to Miss Hardcastle)

..... Walter Brandt
 Hardcastle (a little behind the times) . . . Lewis Reese
 Hastings (Miss Neville's Lover) Otis King
 Tony Lumpkin (mischievous young man) . Herman Doll

Diggory	} Servants {	... Clifford Webb
Roger		.. Gordon Dickson
Dick		. John Hutchinson
Thomas		 Harry Terrell

Stingo (Landlord of Three Pigeons) Sam Allen

Muggins	} Frequent- {	 Ray Wilson
Slang		... Clifford Webb
Tom		.. Louis Hausheer

Jeremy (Servant of Marlowe) Harry Terrell

Mrs. Hardcastle (Hardcastle's Wife) . . . Irene Sweeney

Miss Hardcastle (their Daughter) Harriet Barrow

Miss Neville (Cousin to Tony) Florence Eilemann

Dolly (Maid to Miss Hardcastle) Nora Rennecker

Maid Nessie Robson

How It Happened.

YOU ask what? And everybody answers, "The Senior Play." Why should such a thing cause so much disturbance? Because it is the first play given in the new high school and the first one ever given by a Senior Class.

Such a time at rehearsals and meetings! The class and other participants will never forget them. The first one at rehearsals would always greet the latecomers with a few sarcastic words, "I thought you were going to be on time," or "What time did you say rehearsal was to begin?" But this lasted only a few minutes, and everybody knuckled down to work, and hard work.

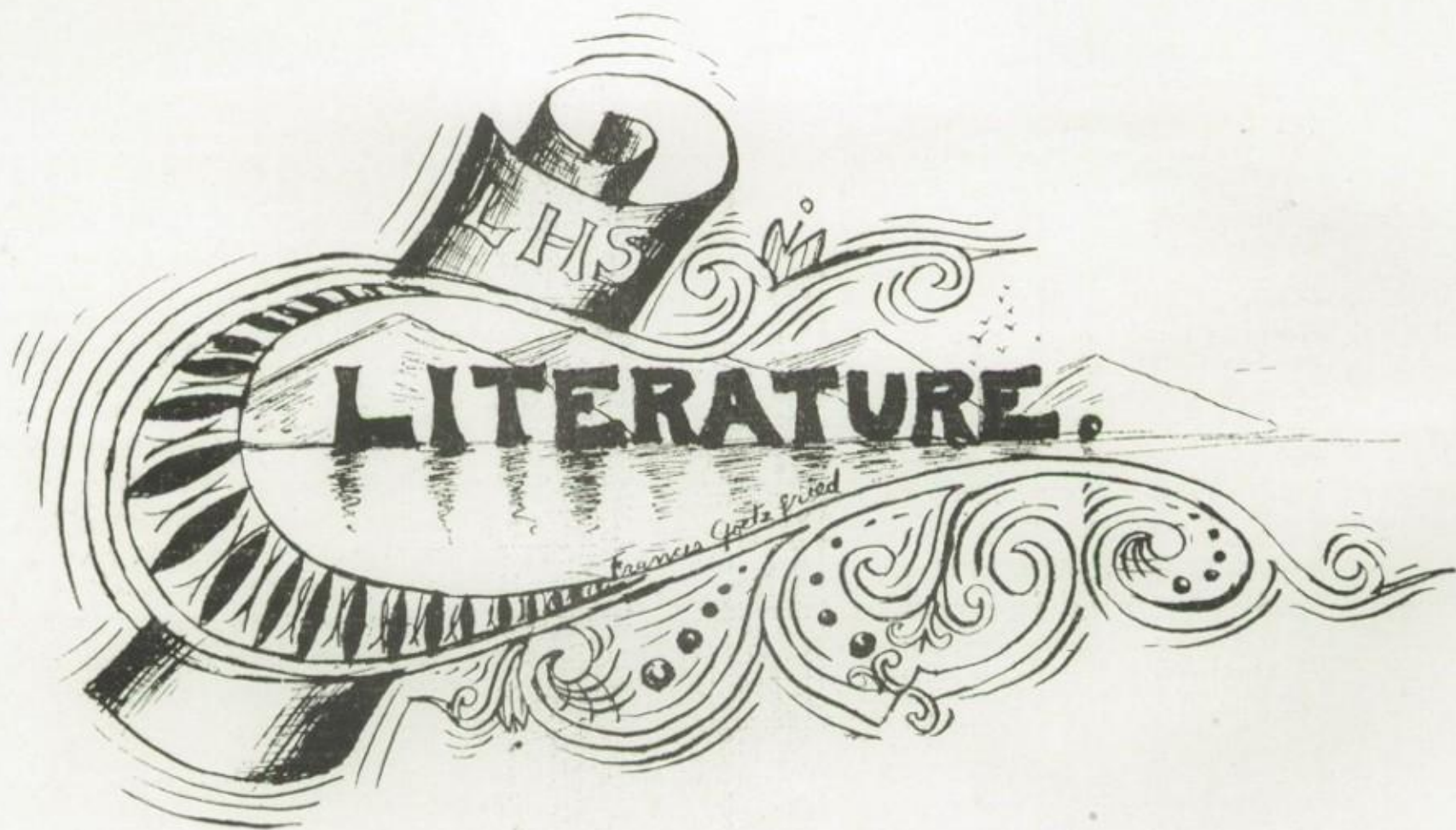
At first it would go along smoothly; and then either Miss Dillow or Miss Prall would interrupt, "No, do that over again; you can do that better," or, "Go back to where the servant comes in." Back we went with many

a murmur and went over it again and again, if it did not suit.

Then Tony would have some excuse for not being able to sing his song—something about a sore throat or that he could only sing to an audience. Or he would forget to come when Hardcastle would be waiting for the noise that Tony was supposed to make.

At other times Hardcastle would be in the balcony when he was supposed to enter and give his guests a hearty welcome. Then Stingo would tell the travelers to "squash down Cross Lane" and Marlow would say "Hang your prune face and pig sauce," and Mrs. Hardcastle would try to push Hardcastle over when she plead for her life, thinking he was a highwayman.

But that is all over now. The actors made their first appearance and dropped out of sight as if swallowed up by the earth.



Use or Lose.

“USE or lose,” is nature’s command. If a limb or a faculty is neglected and not used for a time, it becomes weakened as surely as if it were abused.

Use, exercise, work, is the order of nature. Rest, to be sure—wholesome, regular rest—is necessary; but not idleness. The human system will stand work over-time rather than too little work. But that work over-time must be performed cheerfully and faithfully. It then becomes a margin of power. Without it the world would make progress but slowly. With it comes invention, literature, science, art. To work cheerfully and faithfully over-time one must have the spirit of which missionaries and martyrs are made—the spirit that breaks the walls of self in order that it may be free to develop in richness and strength and beauty by its service to others. Booker Washington has told the ex-slaves that there is a vast difference between working and being worked. The one means joy, the other drudgery; the one proceeds from within, the other from without; the one is freedom, the other slavery. Freedom in work

tends to keep one’s body and faculties prime; slavery or slavish spirit in toil is a creeping paralysis that must sooner or later render useless the body, and dull the faculties.

It seems to me that there is nothing that will keep our bodies and faculties young so surely as to keep our appreciations alive and keen. This we can do by their constant exercise. The heart that can sing at the plow and bench, the eye that can dance at the sight of the sunlight playing with the ripples in the brooklet, the ear that can delight in the music of the laughing water and of the song birds, will remain young. To these all nature has a charm. To one who thus appreciates, the tuneful warbler seems to catch the sunshine and turn it into song, and the flowers awakening from their long winter’s sleep don robes whose colors are taken from its richest rays. All nature is young and full of life to him. Even the white hair that will come to him by and by will be matched to the lilies of spring and not to the snows of winter.

J. M. H. FREDERICK.

A Southern Enterprise.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

ON the main road west of the village of S— stood the White plantation, a typical Southern home. The house, large and roomy, with broad halls and verandas, was set in a grove of oaks and hickories with a few graceful elms at the back. Jonquils and flags bordered the front path and on the southern side an old-fashioned garden flourished within its paling fence. Roses grew there in season in great profusion; violets and hyacinths were now in their prime. Back of the house stood the kitchen and near it an old-fashioned well with bucket and windlass. Chickens were dusting themselves in the sun or industriously preening their feathers. A turkey gobbler strutted vainly about, spreading his fan-tail and swelling his great red neck. The grunting of pigs could be heard as they rolled in the soft, cool mud or stood looking between the bars toward the kitchen. Everywhere were the sights and sounds of Spring.

In the wide, cool hall sat Mrs. White and her daughter busily mending.

"There's no use talking any more, Mary, we haven't the money to spare. You'll have to be contented with a high school education. Then you might get that little school in the country near your grandmother's."

"But, mother, I'm not going out to that little mud-hole, with no white person within three miles and only half a dozen youngsters to teach. What I might get for a salary would hardly pay for my keep."

"Yes, I know, but what else is there to do? Father's overworked now and we just make ends meet." And Mrs. White dropped her mending with a helpless gesture as she looked up into her young daughter's troubled face.

"I wouldn't think of asking father for money, for I know he's overworked, but it does seem as if there ought to be some way for a girl my age to make some money. If I could only make enough for the first year or two at college, father might help me out some later on. I have two years to try it in."

"You might make something raising turkeys," Mrs. White said thoughtfully. "You wouldn't lose much on 'em anyhow."

"Why, that's a good idea," said Mary, her face visibly brightening, for even a dull prospect looked better than none at all. "I guess I'll try it. That old brown Cochin hen has been wanting to set for the last week and she's a good mother, too. Where could I get the eggs?"

"You can get 'em from Uncle Jonathan Wiggs; he has fine bronze turkeys and they bring a good price. You'd better get the eggs 'fore he sells 'em. Mary—

Mary!" called Mrs. White after her daughter as she hastened from the room, "wear your sunbonnet, for the sun's uncommon hot for this time o' year."

"All right," answered Mary cheerily, snatching her sunbonnet from the rack in the hall and stopping long enough to get a basket from Aunt Nancy in the kitchen, she hastened through the warm spring sunshine on her errand.

Mary was an only daughter; her brother Jim, two years younger than herself, was both companion and critic, as young brothers are. Mr. White was a man whose life had been a constant struggle to support his family and pay off the mortgage on his inheritance, but his wife had been his faithful helpmeet, cheerful and industrious.

It did not take Mary long to reach Uncle Jonathan's, for she took the path across the pasture and soon came upon the little cabin under a chinaberry tree with its cotton patch showing tender green sprouts almost up to the very door. Uncle Jonathan sat on his stoop, smoking a corn-cob pipe, a figure of perfect content as he shelled the speckled peas that Aunt 'Cindy was to cook for his dinner. His wrinkled black face brightened as Mary came up. "Why, howdy, Mis' Mary. Wat you doin' down heah dis time o' de day?"

"Oh, Uncle Jonathan, I want to buy some turkey eggs; I'm going to raise some turkeys to sell."

"Well, chile, yo' sho come tuh de right place dis time. I'ze got some o' de fines tu'key aigs in de country. How many does yo' want?"

"Two dozen, Uncle Jonathan. Howdy, Aunt Cindy?" called Mary to the smiling, white-turbaned figure in the doorway.

"Ol' 'oman, fotch a cheer foh Mis' Mary whiles I gits dem aigs."

"Mis' Mary, honey, heahs de tu'key tail fan," and Aunt 'Cindy carefully dusted a chair with her apron. "Hit's mighty wahm dis mawnin."

"It certainly is, Aunt 'Cindy, and I want to get those eggs under the hens as soon as possible."

"Wat foh does yo' want money, chile? Is yo' gwine tu git a silk dress?"

"Oh, no, Aunt 'Cindy. I want to earn money enough to go to college."

"Go long, chile, yo'll weah yo'self clean bal-headed studyin' an' yo' sweetheart'll leab yuh."

"No danger, Aunt 'Cindy, for I haven't any sweetheart."

"Um—um—chile, yo' caint make me b'liebe dat."

Uncle Jonathan brought out the eggs carefully packed in cotton and remarked with a chuckle, "Dey sho is de likelies' aigs I eber seed. I kin mos' heah dem li'le bronze tu'keys gobblin' inside."

"Well, good-bye. I hope they'll not turn out to be ducks," and Mary hurried home eager to start on her new enterprise of turkey-raising and money getting. The eggs were put under two hens, a dozen under each, and the period of patient waiting began. However, this trying time was relieved by a new project. Mary's mother told her she might have the crop of figs to do with as she pleased. Figs promised to be scarce that year, as the

spring had been a dry one, but the trees on the White farm, being on low ground, promised well, and Mary saw with joy the plentiful crop of little green balls which shot forth before the leaves burst their winter jackets. But Mary's hopes were destined to be blasted, as were the figs, for the night after she had taken Jim out to calculate the number of figs the trees would yield, an unusually late frost killed the tender buds.

"Never you mind, sis, the other crop will come 'fore long."

"Yes, I know, but I expected to get the early crop," cried Mary in despair. "But then, I've still got the turkeys. Wonder if they're hatched yet; it was certainly two weeks ago that I set them. Come, Jim, let's go and see."

They looked under first one hen and then the other, but no cheery "peep-peep" greeted their ears. "Don't believe Uncle Jonathan gave you good eggs!" and Jim gave a grunt of disgust.

"Oh, I guess they'll hatch all right, if we give 'em time," answered Mary, for she was not one to be discouraged long. The next morning Jim rushed in and cried:

"Mary—sis—where are you? Most all your eggs are hatched. Come and see!"

Sure enough all except two or three of the downy yellow balls were out of their shells, and Mary was jubilant. But now came the difficult part of the work, for young turkeys are tender things and have to be watched and cared for like so many babies.

"Oh, dear," wailed Mary, "look at those clouds; it's going to rain!"

"Yes, I see. You'd better go and find your turkeys and get them under cover," called Mrs. White. "They haven't sense enough to find it themselves. They're such foolish things."

But before Mary had found the runaways both she and the turkeys had received a thorough drenching. So flannel rags had to be found and the shivering things wrapped in them and placed in baskets of cotton back of the stove to dry. Aunt Nancy, the cook, was left in charge of them, but the warm fire and easy chair proved her undoing, for Mary returned from changing her clothes to find her fast asleep and the cat having a turkey dinner. Fortunately only one turkey had been eaten and only two died as a result of the wetting, thanks to Mary's good care. Three afterwards strayed away and a hungry dog killed two, but the rest wandered and flourished as only turkeys can, while their hen-mothers were literally reduced to "fuss and feathers."

In the meantime the figs ripened and with Jim's aid were picked and marketed. They were quickly sold to the neighbors, who never could get enough for preserves. When Fall came and Mary had disposed of all her turkeys she found herself the proud possessor of thirty dollars as the result of her Summer's work.

"Thirty dollars isn't much, but it's a good beginning. I'll go to college in spite of it all, mother!"

The Winter passed by, Spring came again and in June Mary was to graduate from the town high school. She had by no means given up going to college, but as

yet had thought of no other practical way in which she might make money enough to enter.

She was walking home from the post-office with Jim one day, reading a letter, when she suddenly exclaimed, "I have it!"

"Have what?" asked Jim, much puzzled.

"A way to make some money, if you'll help me, Jim." And with that she unfolded her plan to him. She would raise peanuts in the south lot and send them on to Uncle John in Cincinnati.

"That's very good, sis, but how do you know that father won't plant there himself this spring; and how do you know Uncle will take them?"

"Why, I heard father tell mother he wouldn't plant there this spring, and here's Uncle's letter saying he will take all the peanuts I send and pay me a good price for them."

"Whew!" and Jim gave a long, low whistle. "You must have hoo-dooed Uncle!" Their Uncle John was a prosperous commission merchant who lived in the North. He was a busy man and they seldom heard from him.

Mary's father and mother were pleased with her plan, so Jim undertook the ploughing and Mary bargained with Aunt 'Cindy for the peanuts.

"Goober-peas, honey? Law, chile, des piles on 'em. Ef yo' don't git 'em de hogs will, foh I ain't gwine tuh plant dis yeah; I'ze too ol'. Jes tell yo' ma tuh sabe me a side o' bacon an' we'll call it eben. Now run 'long, honey. Hit's gittin' powerful hot an' I'll sen' de goobers ovah bime-bye wid my ol' man."

That night Mary and Jim shelled the peanuts and the next morning, with stiff and sore fingers, scattered them in the ridges Jim had prepared for them. They had the best of care and rewarded well their care-takers, for they came up and thrived—not without an occasional mishap, however. One morning when Mary happened to be near the south lot she heard loud grunting and squealing in that direction and found four young pigs merrily uprooting her vines. "Jim—Jim, come here quick!" she called, and together they drove the intruders out, but not before they had done some damage to the young vines.

In the late summer the peanuts were ready to be ploughed up and thrown into the barn to be separated from the vines. There certainly was a plentiful harvest and Mary and Jim, with the aid of Aunt Nancy and Uncle Jonathan, were kept busy picking them. When they were finally barreled and shipped, Mary was a happy girl, but when she received from her Uncle a check for twenty-five dollars for value received on the peanuts and also one for two hundred dollars "for the girl who had grit enough to earn her way to college," her joy knew no bounds.

"Mother, mother, just think, I am really going to college! Wasn't that splendid of Uncle?"

"Yes, dear, but you deserved it," said Mrs. White, her face reflecting her daughter's joy.

"Where do I come in?" wailed Jim.

"You don't come in, you blessed boy, you go out with me this very minute to tell the good news to father!" and Mary caught his arm and whirled him from the room.

E. W., '08.

Lakewood.

SWEET Lakewood! Dryest village of the State,
Where cars spasmodic are the people's fate,
Where weeping Spring her longest stay doth
make,
And Winter proves Keneally is a fake.
How often have I waded through thy slush!
How oft for slippery sidewalks made a rush!
How often have I thought of every mark
That kept alive in me affection's spark—
The churches that in swarms adorned the spot,
Until they equaled every house and lot;
The town-hall, once a barn, where every day
The town officials talked the time away;
The big new school, which parents' praise ne'er lacks,
While childless ones groan only at "more tax;"
Allotments, often made from erstwhile farms,
Enticing strangers with their sign-board charms;
The park upon its outskirts, which, some said,
Cast even Yellowstone into the shade;
That store of Zottman's where, in tiny space,
All kinds of curious merchandise found place—
These charms throughout the town their influence shed;

These were thy charms—but some of them are fled.
Amid thy bowers Mose Cleaveland's hand is seen,
And coming factories threaten all thy green.
Let's hope something may happen e'er the day,
When smoke accumulates and trees decay.
A time there was e'er Lakewood's griefs began,
When every bit of ground maintained its man.
But times have changed—the city's cruel train
Have bought the land and dispossess the swain.
Along the land where scattered houses rose,
Full many flats and terraces repose;
All else, departing, sought a kinder shore
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Beside yon thin board walk that skirts the way,
Which mud inch-thick adorned from day to day,
There—in the white brick mansion—skilled to rule,
The various teachers taught the busy school.
"One was a man severe and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew—
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."
Less stern seemed they who also sat in state
Upon the throne and shared the empire's fate;
One to whom e'en Seniors owned their skill,
For though the cause were lost, she'd argue still;
One from whose eyes came flashes not a few
From right to left, innumerable they flew;
One in the lower hall held boundless sway,
Wherefrom she caught a fresh cold every day.

* * * * *

For teachers noted, and for pupils famed,
Lakewood's chief glory oft the school was named.
And each—it matters not how far apart—
Still keeps within one corner of his heart
A thought of it—that dear old quiet town,
Where all the trees nod, drowsy, up and down,
And finds—it matters not how far he roam—
"Lakewood" becomes another name for "home."

K. K., '04.



That old Aeneas knew some things
Which you and I ne'er knew,
Grave histories proclaim that fact—
And surely it is true.
I've even read he skimmed the sea,
Though 'twas a watery blue.

The Forget-Me-Not.

(From the German.)

There blooms a tiny flower,
In a meadow green nearby;
The brightness and blue of the heavens
Shine forth from its clear blue eye.
There is just one word it utters—
A word it has ne'er forgot—
'Tis the name the dear God gave it,
'Tis just "Forget-me-not."

B. K., '05.

Some Smart Sayings Not Said.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," but they do not add to their beauty when on the wrong bird.

"No man is a hero to his valet," but every man is more or less a hero to himself.

With most people success has a strong tendency to break their luck.

Some people want to hide their light under a bushel when a pint measure would do.

Once the world seemed large, but we were equal to it; now it seems small and it is too much for us.

A man never gets so poor that he does not want to keep up appearances, nor so rich that he does not want to keep down expenses.

A man never realizes how deceitful appearances are until they are against him.

We never know how little we value a thing until the bill comes in.

The man who knows no such word as fail is usually able to find a suitable synonym.

The long shot is a sad waste of ammunition.

Before accepting you at your own estimate the world allows for a generous amount of shrinkage.

If you itch for anything you may be able to get it if you scratch around lively for it.

Some people tell the truth for the truth's sake, others tell it for the sake of their reputation.

A friend in need is a friend who is dodged.

It is said, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," but that is no reason for thinking that the future always looks dark.

"Honesty pays in the long run," but could do more business if it paid C. O. D.

Some people love equality so well that the success
of others makes them miserable.

Minding one's own business really requires more
skill than those who so freely recommend it realize.

L. H. R., '05.

When great men kick the bucket,
Their friends, in memory,
Raise tombstones and inscriptions,
In Latin writ mostly.
Now a question has come to me,
And puzzled much my head:
Do they write the stuff in Latin
Just because the tongue is dead?



A Fair Exchange.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

THE setting sun shone through the well kept windows of a small farm house and threw a softened light over the countenance of the girl who sat resting after a long day's hard work, singing to herself a tune she had known for years, and unconsciously knitting.

As her brother, the main support of her mother and herself, came in, she remembered that two loads of furniture and farming tools had gone down the road that forenoon.

"Did, eh? I suppose it was the belongings of the new people on the Hickory place," Dick replied. "I hope they ain't any such borrowers as the Smiths were."

Jane Morrison had seen the loads go past at ten o'clock, followed by a carriage containing two women, one elderly and the other apparently just about her own age. She hoped her new neighbors would be sociable at least; she was so lonely keeping house for her two brothers in this unsettled region.

She turned and answered her brother. "It often happens when people are settling that they can not find

everything they need, so suppose I be neighborly and send them over some of my fresh buns." No sooner said than she had the buns wrapped in a clean napkin ready for some one to go.

"Indeed, I won't," was her brother's emphatic decision. "We'll have to lend if they come and ask, but not without. Of course, it would have been handy for us to borrow when we first came, but we had to get along the best way we knew how, and they can do the same. I am going to have a fair exchange for everything I lend after this."

Jane knew it was of no use to pursue the subject, but she was queen of the realm and at six o'clock she sent a dozen hot biscuits with her compliments down to the new-comers by her youngest brother, Will. A word of thanks was returned.

At the end of a week, early one day a young man of about twenty-four or five entered the Morrison yard and walked toward the barn, where Dick had been harnessing the horse.

"Good morning," the stranger said in a very pleasant

way. "Permit me to introduce myself as Edward Fuller, who has bought the place next to yours. You are Mr. Morrison, I infer?"

"Yes," answered Dick, extending a hand that did not show much hospitality.

"I am afraid," he concluded, "You will find this a very lonesome place."

"I expect to be too busy to be lonesome; besides, we knew we have pleasant neighbors, as that pan of warm biscuits your wife sent certainly certifies. We were hungry and well prepared that evening. You ought to have seen them disappear!"

"I do not happen to be ruled by a wife; I am single. It was my sister Jane who sent the biscuits; she is more inclined to do that kind of thing than I am."

Edward felt that his neighbor was warning him not to expect much friendliness. He had come to ask for the loan of a bolt, but was on the point of turning away without making the request when Jane suddenly stepped around the corner of the house, where she had been working in a flower bed. She had not heard the men talking and was not aware they were in the yard. She stopped in surprise at their unexpected presence, while a pretty blush spread over her face.

"Jane," said her brother to relieve her embarrassment, but wishing she had not come into the scene, "this

is Mr. Fuller, who has bought the Hickory farm."

"We are very glad to welcome new neighbors," she said, as Edward lifted his hat. "I hope your—your family will like it here."

"My family," answered Edward, smiling at her slight hesitation, "consists of my sister and mother."

After a word or two Jane excused herself and went into the house and Edward said to himself, "No man with as good-looking and sweet-mannered sister as that can freeze me from his premises."

Aloud he said, "A borrowing neighbor is never very pleasant and I shall try to avoid being that kind, but sometimes one is almost forced to do it. I need a three-quarter bolt and I can't seem to find one. Will it be possible for me to borrow from you until I can locate mine?"

"Well, of course anybody is likely to get in such a fix once in a great while," Dick answered slowly. "I am not much of a hand to borrow or lend, but I guess I can let you have a bolt. I may want something soon from you, for I think it a good plan to make a fair exchange in the use of things, if there must be borrowing done occasionally, and then there won't be any imposing done on either side."

Edward flushed, but with the influence of Jane's cordiality still upon him, he was able to reply without any trace of irritation in his voice, "I'm sure you are

welcome to anything I have whenever it will be of service to you."

Receiving the bolt, the new neighbor returned home. Two days later Dick came to borrow a small chain. Edward soon returned the bolt, having found the box in which his were kept, and the second day after Dick, too, had found the chain. Edward smiled, remembering his neighbor's opinion on the law of borrowing.

In due time Jane called on the Fullers and found them very cordial. Hattie was about a year older than herself, but quite the opposite in looks and manners, being very dark and with an air of personal force that might become imperious on occasion. The girls soon became close friends, exchanging magazines and papers, and so bringing the members of the two families more closely in touch with one another than could otherwise have been possible.

Meanwhile Edward was occasionally obliged to borrow something from Dick. Each time that this took place opportunity was given to him to lend an article, which was always returned as soon as he took back what he had been using.

Toward the close of the summer, Edward saw that a slight change was taking place in Dick's manner. He adhered as closely as ever to his method of borrowing in order to receive a fair exchange for the use of anything

that Edward happened to want, but his attitude became more cordial and on one or two occasions it seemed clear to Edward that he tried to make it easy for him to borrow. If the latter had been more observing, he might have noticed a few other peculiarities in Dick's ways, among them the frequency with which he happened to go down to the Fuller home when the brother was absent, so making it necessary for Hattie to receive him; but the fact is that Edward was coming to the Morrisons very often when he did not need to borrow, and it was now Jane and he who were apparently absorbed in literary work instead of Jane and Hattie.

Under such circumstances he could not be expected to take note of Dick's movements or to heed so little a happening as that Jane's brother often went to Edward's home, to secure a fair exchange in borrowing tools when Dick was at the Morrison home, and that these occurrences were becoming more frequent as the evenings lengthened.

After this movement of affairs had been going on for some time, Dick at the close of one day in early winter entered his home, belated from attending to a little troublesome work, and there he found Edward and Jane in the sitting-room with expressions on their faces such as come only on special occasions. In spite of their air

of assumed indifference and innocence, a story was plainly to be read by one who could read it.

"Well, do you want to borrow anything today?" said Dick teasingly.

"Well, yes," Edward responded without hesitation. "The fact is, Dick, that I've been borrowing a good deal more from you than I had expected to when I moved into this neighborhood, and as you've an article that I can't duplicate anywhere else on earth, I thought I would come to you this evening and ask to borrow it for good and all. Will you lend your sister Jane to me for the rest of life?"

Dick stood back in amazement and said, "I will think it over," dropping his eyes lest they betray the thought that flashed into his mind. "I'll give you an answer when I return."

He hitched up and drove off. In twenty minutes he was talking with Hattie. After a few minutes of general conversation he drew his chair to Hattie's side and began to speak in a quick, earnest way. This shortly ended in a meeting of lips that ratified a willing promise, and then Dick told her of Edward's request.

"Now," he continued, "if you'll slip on your wraps, we'll drive home, and I'll give him an answer."

When the two entered the room where Edward and Jane were sitting, Dick put his arm around Hattie, not heeding the "Ah-a, seems to be something doing," that Edward drawled out in imitation of Dick and asked: "From what you've learned about me since we've been acquainted, don't you think I'm going to stick to my principles?"

"Yes, every time," Edward answered, wondering what Dick was leading up to.

"And haven't I always managed to get a fair exchange for everything you have borrowed?"

"There's no denying that."

"Well, I want you to understand that this time is no exception. You asked me a little while ago if you could borrow my sister Jane, for life, and I now reply 'Yes,' providing you make a fair exchange by lending me your sister Hattie, for the same length of time."

"I accept," said Edward quickly.

M. I. T., '08.

Venus and Adonis.

Bright Venus, daughter of immortal Jove,
Toying one day with Cupid's arrows, chanced
To let the point of one pierce her fair skin,
And ere the fateful wound had healed
The love-tipped arrow did its customary work,
And she with eyes of love gazed on a youth,
Fairest of all fair mortals upon earth,
Adonis, far-famed son of Cinyras—
Whose golden locks surpassed Apollo's own—
On whose smooth cheeks Aurora's blushes hung.
The laughter-loving Aphrodite gazed,
And as she gazed, a longing filled her heart,
Love for the fair haired youth, and from her home,
And from her wonted haunts the goddess fled—
And joined the fair Adonis in his sports.
She, the fair Queen of love, as huntress girt—
Roamed thro' the forest with her mortal love,
Alas! once when her swan-yoked chariot drove
The white armed goddess to her mountain home,
Adonis' well known voice in agony she heard.
The dogs had roused the wild boar from his lair,

Then hurled the youth his spear and in his side
He smote the savage boar and wounded it,—
But only wounded it; and the maddened beast—
Leaped on Adonis taken unaware,
And with his ivory tusks rent his white side
And stretched him dying on the grassy plain.
Back at his cry of pain, pale Cytherea came,
Back with the speed of the startled doe,—
She came, and kneeling at his side
Shed tears, such tears as only the immortal shed,
And as the rose flees from his lips
And his bright blood flows free upon the ground,
Up springs the rose, most glorious of flowers.
The while the laughter-loving goddess sighs,—
Not laughs she now, but weeps;—
As her dear tears descend to the green earth
A tiny flower is seen, so pale,
Faint blushes of the morning ne'er are seen,
Upon its waxen petals, open wide,
To greet the rose as she would greet her love.

E. B., '07.

A Rescue at Sea.

'Twas on the good ship "Mary Belle," sir,
Half freight, half passenger, you see,
That was carrying us on our wedding trip,
Cynthia and me.

The low threatening clouds were scattering,
The wind had tired of its play,
But the billows, angry and reaching,
Had seemingly come to stay.

From a cold blue sky the noonday sun
Was shining serenely down,
When the cry "Sail Ho" from the lookout
In the crow'snest did resound.

And there as we filled the rigging,
To the Eastward could be seen
A noble steamship rolling
Tossed on the waters green.

Now high in the air she was lifted,
Now deep in the trough of the sea,
While all of us gazed and wondered;
'Twas a marvelous sight for me.

As we bent our course out toward her,
Straight against sea and wind
We saw no thread of smoke, sir,
Blowing along behind.

And our weather beaten captain,
A man both brave and plain,
Suddenly lowered his glasses
And in this way did exclaim:

"By all the crazy critters,
That ever lived in the sea!
If ever I saw an old friend before
That boat is the 'William B.'

"She's the property of the Red Star Line,
Of Boston and Liverpool;
And 'less something's gone and busted
She's surely actin' the fool.

"There's the Union Jack and the British flag,
Both flying upside down;
That certainly says as plain as day,
There's trouble hangin' around."

As nearer we drew and nearer,
She loomed up high and long;
An ocean passenger liner
Of iron and steel so strong.

She lay like a log on the ocean;
Had no movement of her own;
She rose and fell with the heavy seas;
Her whistle had no tone.

When we were close beside her,
As near as we dared to go;
A call came, faint and distant,
That told us a tale of woe.

"Ship ahoy, to the 'Mary Belle,'
Can you possibly lend us some aid?
We've had a serious accident;
Our engines are all played.

"We are out of food, and of water,
And hope and courage, too;
For three long week's we've been drifting
Helpless upon the blue."

"Aye, Aye," went the answer back
From our captain, quick to decide;
"Though I hardly think a rowboat
These mighty seas can ride."

The boat's crew was piped to quarters,
The long-boat from the davits swung;
The blocks and tackle squeaked shrilly,
As through them the cordage was run.

As lower it went, and lower,
We watched it from the lee-rail,
An honest piece of the work of man,
And still it seemed so frail.

But ere it had reached the water,
Like a lion from its den,
A mighty wave rose and, reaching,
The flimsy sides stove in.

As the useless, shattered remnant
Was hauled upon the deck,
We ruefully looked upon it,
Nor could think of a thing to do next.

It suddenly dawned upon us
That the sky was all o'ercast,
The wind had changed to south southeast,
The distant lightning flashed.

"We'll shoot those people a line!
Mate, will you bring out that gun?"
The order was hardly given,
When the job was halfway done.

'Twas a very faint hope indeed, sir,
Quick to be tried, quick to fail,
For the line fell many feet short
Though aided much by the gale.

"There's just one chance left of our saving
That boat and the people she holds,
And that is for someone among you
To swim through the water so cold."

But no one moved, all studied the floor,
Thinking of dear ones at home;
Of the dangerous task of swimming
In ice-cold mountains of foam.

Through all this indecision
Cynthia looked quietly on;

But now: "God help him who dares!"
Her clear voice did resound.

My conscience was pointing to action,
My duty seemed perfectly clear;
So, "I'll go, sir," I said, very calmly,
And stepped forward with never a fear.

The silence seemed wholly unbroken,
Except for a few last words;
And then I was slowly lowered,
Into the rolling surge.

I was beaten and ducked, half strangled,
By the huge waves breaking o'er;
And I know that without the cork jacket,
I'd have gone to the ocean floor.

When I had fought close beside her,
And her bow rose sheer and high,
I knew not how long I'd been swimming,
I knew not how nor why.

But I caught the line that they threw me,
And fastened it to my belt;
I heard the far faint cheering,
Then knew nothing more—nor felt.

W. S., '08; G. D., '08.



Miss Pancoast.—If some one should faint in here, what would you do?

Sheldon.—I'd first undo his neck.

Florence M.—When you kill a bird, does it die?

Werner Smith.—The flowers do not bloom for the ear, nor the birds sing for the eye of the artesian.

Clifton Hall.—He was large for his size.

Clifford W.—Why can't you pick up something between your feet, standing against a wall?

Nessie.—Because you'll fall off your base.

Herman (translating).—One can hear the cowardance.

Mr. Weeks.—Who are on the board of public safety?

Lewis.—The teachers!

Miss Pancoast.—How is graphite used in lead pencils?

Sam.—To write.

Mr. K.—Hattie, explain your example; you have another one of those mean proportionals.

Mr. Weeks.—Otis, are you giving your attention to the play, or ——

Otis (quickly).—Play.

Mr. Weeks.—Lucille, in what two ways did Malcolm test Macbeth?

Lucille.—He told him how bad he was when he was good.

Junior (translating German).—I wrote on my father and mother.

Charlotte (translating "Si stare non possunt, conruant").—If they are not able to hold up their feet, let them fall.

Miss Prall.—Translate into German, "The good scholar."

Hattie Brown (jumping up).—Me?

Translations of "der Dicke." 1st Jun. "The fleshy one." 2d Jun., "the stout." 3d Jun., "the thick." 4th, "the fat."

School (singing).—I love to choose and see my path, with none to lead me on.

Mr. Marshal.—There, now, you are going astray a little.

Mr. Weeks (in Civics class).—Well, we have the subject of courts this morning. Courting ought to interest all here.

Mr. Weeks (In lit.).—The editors say,—that is—the one in my hand says—

A Junior (translating).—He had a small wife.

Miss Prall.—Worse than that. He had no wife.

Mr. Weeks (after vainly trying to recall a girl's name).—I believe it isn't worth while learning a girl's name, anyhow. It's too apt to change.

Miss Pancoast.—What is the effect of exercising after a full meal?

Mabel.—Cramps.

Miss Pancoast.—What is St. Vitus dance?

Ruth S.—It's when you wiggle, and can't keep still.

Miss Pancoast.—What is a tobacco heart? Leslie, tell us how it feels?

Gordon.—"I put my hand on a red hot stove to see if reflex action would keep it from burning."



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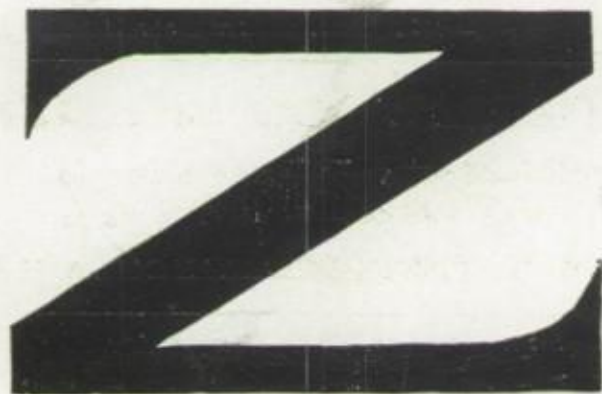
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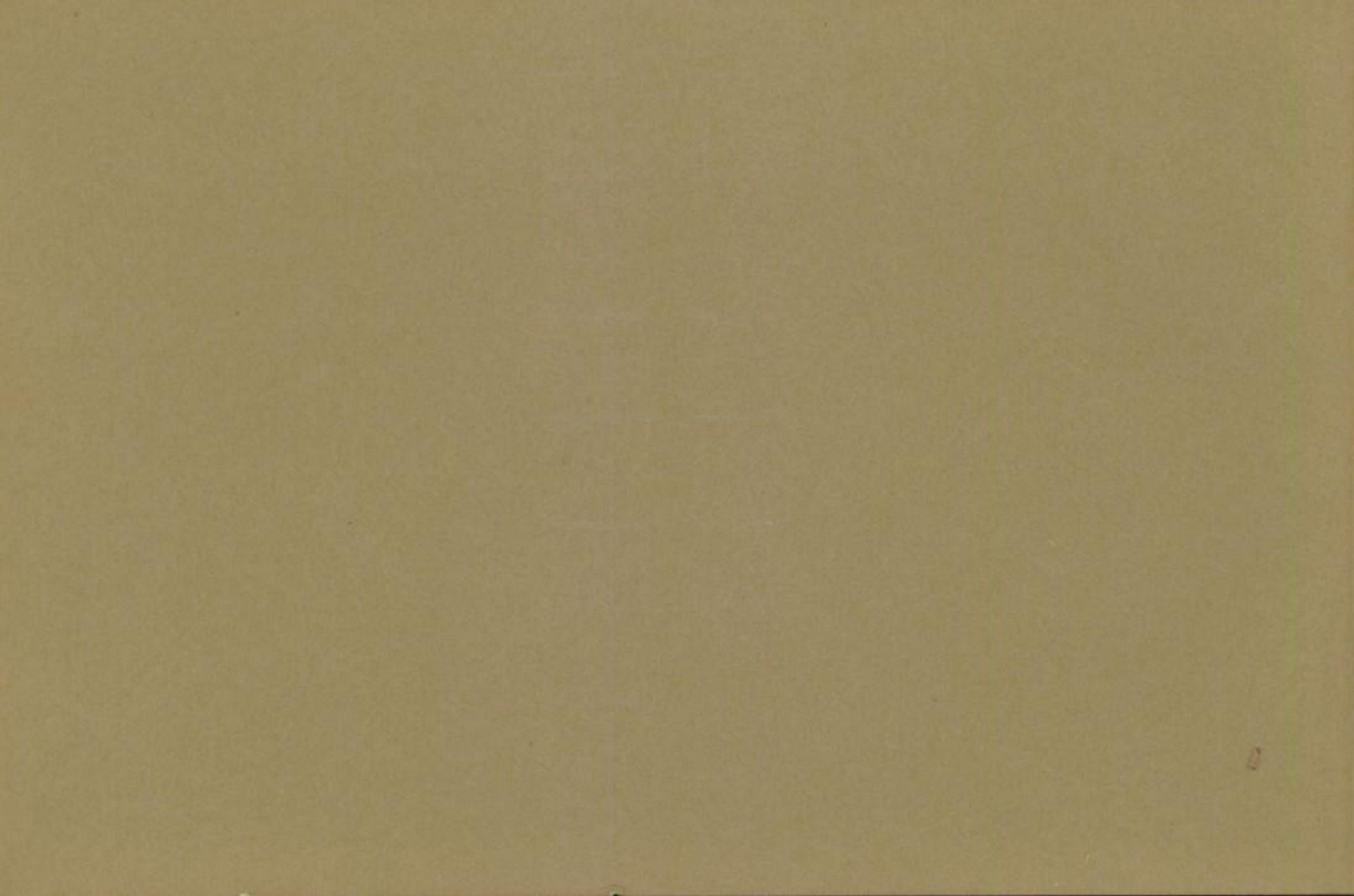
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